

## Baby It's Cold Outside by HobbitSpaceCase

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**Summary:**

If Steve had expected anything from his ill-advised decision to take a half frozen Billy Hargrove back to his home, it wouldn't have been this.

## Baby It's Cold Outside

Snow fell in heavy drifts, the rain from morning having finally frozen into fat white flakes. Steve was grateful he got Dustin home from his DnD night before the roads became icy death traps, but now he was stuck going twenty down roads he could barely even see through the falling snow and hoping he didn't survive hell monsters twice only to die in a car crash. He took a turn so slowly his car nearly stopped, and swearing as he spotted a lonely figure walking down the street ahead of him, shoulders hunched and hands shoved into his pockets against the cold.

Whoever it was clearly had no self preservation instinct, because they were dressed in a thin leather jacket, boots that probably weren't even waterproof, and no hat to speak of. Steve drove closer, intending to offer a ride to whoever it was. The guy didn't even glance towards Steve's car as he approached, but that didn't stop the jolt of recognition that shot through Steve.

It was Billy Hargrove, walking down the snow-covered streets of Hawkins in the middle of winter like he thought he was still in California.

Against his better judgement, Steve pulled up alongside the asshole and slowed down. He rolled down the window, wincing at the sudden chill invading the warmth of his car. "Need a ride?" he shouted in Billy's direction, teeth chattering against the blast of cold air that smacked him in the face.

Billy's shoulders wound tighter around his ears, but he stopped walking. "Why, you offering?" he asked, and it took Steve a moment to understand him through the shivering that slurred his words.

Rolling his eyes, Steve reached over to unlock the passenger door. "Just get in, asshole," he called, and after another moment of hesitation, Billy reached for the door. His fingers were red and stiff on the door handle, but eventually he made it inside the car, limbs sprawling everywhere in a way that said *hypothermia* more than his usual arrogance.

“Where’s your house?” Steve asked as he rolled the window back up and cranked the heat. Billy glared at him.

“None of your fucking business, pretty boy,” he said, teeth still chattering so badly that his words were almost unintelligible.

“Okay,” Steve said slowly. “Where were you going, then?”

Billy shrank down in the seat. “Nowhere,” he spat, still shivering.

It was clear that if Steve shoved him back out of the car, he would actually freeze to death. As much of an asshole as he was, Steve didn’t think he deserved to actually freeze to death. Even if he had nearly killed Steve only a few months ago with nothing but his fists. But Billy wasn’t saying anything else, refusing to look at Steve as his shivering got worse.

*Nancy was right*, Steve thought, as he started driving again, continuing towards his own home. *I am an idiot.*

He had to help Billy out of the car when he got back to his house, which worried him. “You better not die on my mom’s couch,” he ground out from beneath Billy’s weight as he struggled to dig out his keys and unlock the door with one hand.

A vague memory at the back of his mind told him that you were supposed to give whiskey to hypothermia victims, so he deposited Billy on said mother’s couch in the living room and dug through his dad’s liquor cabinet for something the man wouldn’t miss. An old, cheap bottle of whiskey at the back snagged his attention. It was gifted years ago by an old colleague his dad had hated, and promptly been shoved behind everything else and forgotten about. Bingo.

Billy was still sitting on the couch when Steve returned, head lolled back and limbs sprawled carelessly wide. “Here,” Steve said, shoving the whiskey bottle in Billy’s face. “To help you warm up.”

Billy stared for a minute with unfocused eyes before a grin stretched across his lips. “You trying to get me drunk, pretty boy?” he said, still slurring his words.

A wordless grumble bubbled up in his throat, and he shoved the

bottle towards Billy again. "What the fuck were you even doing walking around outside, anyway?" he asked as he tipped whiskey into Billy's open mouth, preventing him from giving some smart-ass reply.

Half the whiskey ended up down Billy's chest as he spluttered, but he perked up enough to glare at Steve and make a swipe for the bottle. His limbs were clumsy, taking multiple tries to grab it without spilling, but once he managed, he tipped it back against his lips, taking a longer drink that mostly stayed in his mouth this time.

Steve turned away from the sight of Billy's lips wrapped around the bottle, throat working as he swallowed. He kicked his foot against the carpet and ran a hand through his hair, startling at a tap against his thigh.

"C'mon," Billy said, tapping Steve with the whiskey bottle again. "Don't make me drink alone here, Harrington." He gave Steve an exaggerated pout, staring up through long, thick lashes with glazed eyes that still managed to shine with mischief.

Steve rolled. his eyes. *Fuck it*, he decided. If he had to deal with Billy Hargrove and his asshole face that made weird feelings squirm through Steve's belly on a Friday night, he may as well get drunk too.

"Yeah, alright," he said, grabbing the bottle from Billy and tipping too much at once into his mouth. A bit spilled from the corners of his lips and the rest burned all the way down. Billy laughed at him, slumping back against the couch. Flipping him off, Steve collapsed down next to him, handing the bottle back and shivering as their fingers brushed. Billy was still too cold.

By the time the alcohol was spreading warm and fuzzy through Steve's veins, Billy was already well past drunk. He leaned over, ending up with his head in Steve's lap, and honest-to-god giggled. "You gonna keep me warm tonight, Harrington?" Steve reached down to shove Billy's head away from his crotch, but Billy caught him with warm fingers, trapping his hand against the side of Billy's face.

"C'mon, Harrington," he slurred, "keep me warm."

A bolt of heat shot through Steve's stomach, and he shifted in discomfort. If Billy didn't move his head, this joke was going to get way out of hand really fast. "Cut it out, asshole," he said, shoving at Billy's face again.

Billy rolled over, grabbing the bottle from the coffee table, and shook it. "Nearly gone," he said, turning to look up at Steve with wide, pleading eyes. More warmth curled low in Steve's gut. He swallowed. Billy kept staring up at him, mirth swimming in his eyes even as he pouted. "You should get more."

"Gotta get off me, then," Steve said.

"Could get you off instead," Billy said, the words low and muffled into Steve's jeans. Steve wasn't even sure he'd heard correctly, but he jumped up anyway, nearly spilling Billy onto the floor. The room tilted alarmingly as he stood, righting itself after one dizzying moment. Each step made it sway a bit, but not so much that he couldn't reach the kitchen for more alcohol. He needed so much more alcohol for this.

It was another whiskey bottle he found. When he took it back out to the living room, Billy was sprawled in the middle of the couch, booted feet up on the coffee table and eyes dark as they tracked Steve's progress across the room. A few inches of his chest, exposed by the buttons he seemed allergic to doing up even in the middle of winter, were still wet from spilled whiskey, shining in the yellow light of his mother's artistic living room lamps. This time, Steve took the first swallow before passing the bottle to Billy and squishing himself into the corner of the couch. He was still close enough to feel the heat off Billy's body as his unexpected houseguest warmed up.

"Why did you take me back to your place?"

Billy's voice startled Steve out of the empty reverie he was sinking into. Looking over, Steve's gaze caught on calculating dark eyes, narrowed in drunken contemplation.

"You could have dumped me anywhere, could have even kept walking after the way I beat the shit out of you a few months ago, but instead you brought me home and got me drunk. Tell me, King

Steve, you ever had a blowjob from another guy?"

Steve choked on saliva. He couldn't decide whether he wanted Billy to disappear, or whether he wanted Billy's head back in his lap. If he wasn't so drunk already, he thought the choice might have been a lot more obvious. As it was, his dick was perking up at the blatant suggestion Billy had made, images long suppressed running rampant through his imagination. Billy's low chuckle alerted him to the way he had started squirming on the couch, hips seeking the friction promised in Billy's tone. He didn't answer, but he didn't really think he needed to, anyway. All his limbs felt too heavy to move as Billy shifted closer, till he could get one wide, callused palm on Steve's thigh. The second whiskey bottle had disappeared from his hands, but he couldn't bring himself to care when Billy's palm slid higher up the inside of his legs.

"Knew you wanted it," Billy whispered, close enough for Steve to feel the warmth of Billy's breath as his legs parted on their own, head tipping back to rest against the couch.

"What are you doing?" he asked, breath rasping heavy in his throat as Billy's fingers brushed the tip of Steve's erection through his jeans.

Billy's tongue flicked out to lick a startling wet stripe up the side of his neck. It should have been disgusting or weird or at least uncomfortable, but instead it made a pleasant shiver run all the way down his spine to pool more heat in his groin. "Making you feel good, pretty boy. Gotta say thanks for bringing me in from the cold. 'M not a totally ungrateful asshole."

He should stop this. It was crazy, letting Billy Hargrove slip warm fingers down the front of his pants, but his head was spinning too much for the thoughts to properly take hold and he kept losing bits and pieces of time to pure feeling.

"Fuck," he moaned, instead of "Stop" or "Don't" or "What the fuck are you doing?" as Billy's fingers wrapped around his cock and squeezed. "Fuck, *please*."

He turned his head to find Billy's face nearly close enough for their noses to collide, dark gaze intent on his hand still wrapped around

Steve's cock. A wet, pink tongue darted out to lick red lips, and Steve couldn't help the way he swayed the rest of the way into Billy's space, head tilting to press their mouths together.

It was like flipping a switch. Billy moaned into Steve's mouth and pressed up flush against him, breaking away only long enough to lick a wet stripe up his hand before reaching back down to stroke Steve's cock. His tongue flicked against Steve's, and he whined, his free hand going between his own legs as Steve tangled his hands in Billy's hair and tugged.

Thinking too hard about what was happening made Steve's head spin. So he didn't think, just met Billy's eagerness with his own, kissing hard and deep before tugging Billy's head to the side to lick up his throat, earning a whimper and Billy's stuttering hips pressing into his side.

"Fuck, wait," Billy muttered. Steve pulled back and lost another moment to the sight of Billy sliding off the couch onto his knees between Steve's open legs. That wet, sinful tongue licked over kiss-reddened lips, and then Billy was opening his mouth and swallowing Steve all the way down.

"Jesus, *fuck*," Steve moaned, hands tangling back in Billy's sweat damp curls and fighting the urge to thrust. "*Holy shit.*"

Billy grinned and hummed around him, and Steve did buck up into the wet heat of his mouth at the sensation, heat spiking through his groin at the way Billy choked, saliva flooding wet and warm and *so good* over his cock. When Steve's vision returned, he almost came just at the sight of Billy, broad and hard and still somehow smirking even as he choked purposefully on Steve's dick. Steve wondered if he'd passed out and this was all a dream, because Billy Hargrove was sucking cock like he loved it, like he'd done it before more than a few times. The thought disappeared from his head as quickly as it had come. He didn't care if Billy Hargrove had sucked a hundred dicks. He was going to suck Steve's whole entire brain right out with the way he moved his tongue and his lips, sucking hard at the base and curving his tongue around the underside of Steve's cock for extra friction with every bob of his head.

Pleasure washed through him, building in waves that sent tremors through his thighs and made his stomach clench, till he was tugging at Billy's hair and slurring out, "Fuck, Billy, 'm gonna come." Billy's grip tightened on Steve's thighs and he kept his mouth around Steve's cock, sucking and licking till Steve was shaking and overstimulated, bolts of pleasure slicing through him with every lick. He swallowed, Adam's apple bobbing at the realization that Billy had just swallowed his come. Just the thought of it made his softening dick twitch again.

Billy rested his head on Steve's thigh, eyes drooping and drowsy, with a content smile on his face. "Should I..." Steve started, trailing off as he realized he had no clue what to do with another guy.

"Nah," Billy mumbled against his leg. "'M good."

Steve blamed the alcohol for letting the matter drop. If Billy had been a girl and he'd been sober, he never would have let her get him off without returning the favor. As it was, he felt his own eyes trying to slide closed, and it was easy to dismiss the thought of reciprocation. "At least come up here," Steve said, fingers slipping out of Billy's hair to run down his back and try to pull him closer.

Billy snorted, shoving himself away and nearly overbalancing into the coffee table. "'S fine, Harrington," he said, reaching for the whiskey bottle before it toppled over. He took a long swig, and Steve found himself disappointed at the thought that he was washing the taste of Steve's come from his mouth. He tried to reach for Billy, only for Billy to jerk away again, tipping himself onto the couch just out of Steve's reach.

The protest died in Steve's throat as his eyes caught on the strip of skin exposed by Billy's shirt riding up. A deep purple bruise marred the smooth skin of Billy's side. "Are you okay?" Steve asked, hand reaching out without conscious input from his brain to brush the mark.

His action was met by an angry noise and a low, "F'ck off, Harrington. 'S none of your business." Billy's eyes were closed, but a frown twisted his face and he scooted further away from Steve.

*Whatever*, Steve decided, as his post-orgasm glow condensed into an



ugly weight in his stomach. He left Billy on the couch as he stumbled to his feet. It felt colder inside than it had a moment ago, not shocking with how much snow was still coming down when he passed a window on his way to the stairs. He shivered, stopping in the hallway to turn up the heat. The shakiness in his legs as he stripped out his clothes and changed into pajamas he blamed on the alcohol, but as much as he wanted to collapse into his bed and forget about everything from that evening, he didn't. Instead, he left his room, picked up one of the warmest, fluffiest blankets his mom kept in the hall closet, and stumbled back down the stairs.

"You're a dick," he muttered, covering a passed out Billy in the blanket. Billy made an unintelligible sleepy noise and settled into the blanket's warmth, tension bleeding from his body.

Before the sadness building up under Steve's ribcage could reach his eyes, he grabbed the whiskey bottle still on the table and took a long drink. Warmth spread immediately through his chest, fuzzing out the world around him for a few blissful seconds. He forced himself to focus on his feet as he carried the bottle back to the liquor cabinet, but the last drink had done the job he needed. The recent memories of Billy's mouth on his dick, Billy's tongue in his mouth, Billy's hands on his skin, all faded into the static taking over his brain. Finally after dragging his tired, clumsy body back up the stairs to his room, he collapsed into bed, asleep before his head hit the pillow.

For the first time in months, the dreams the flickered through his sleeping mind of another warm body next to his weren't about Nancy at all.